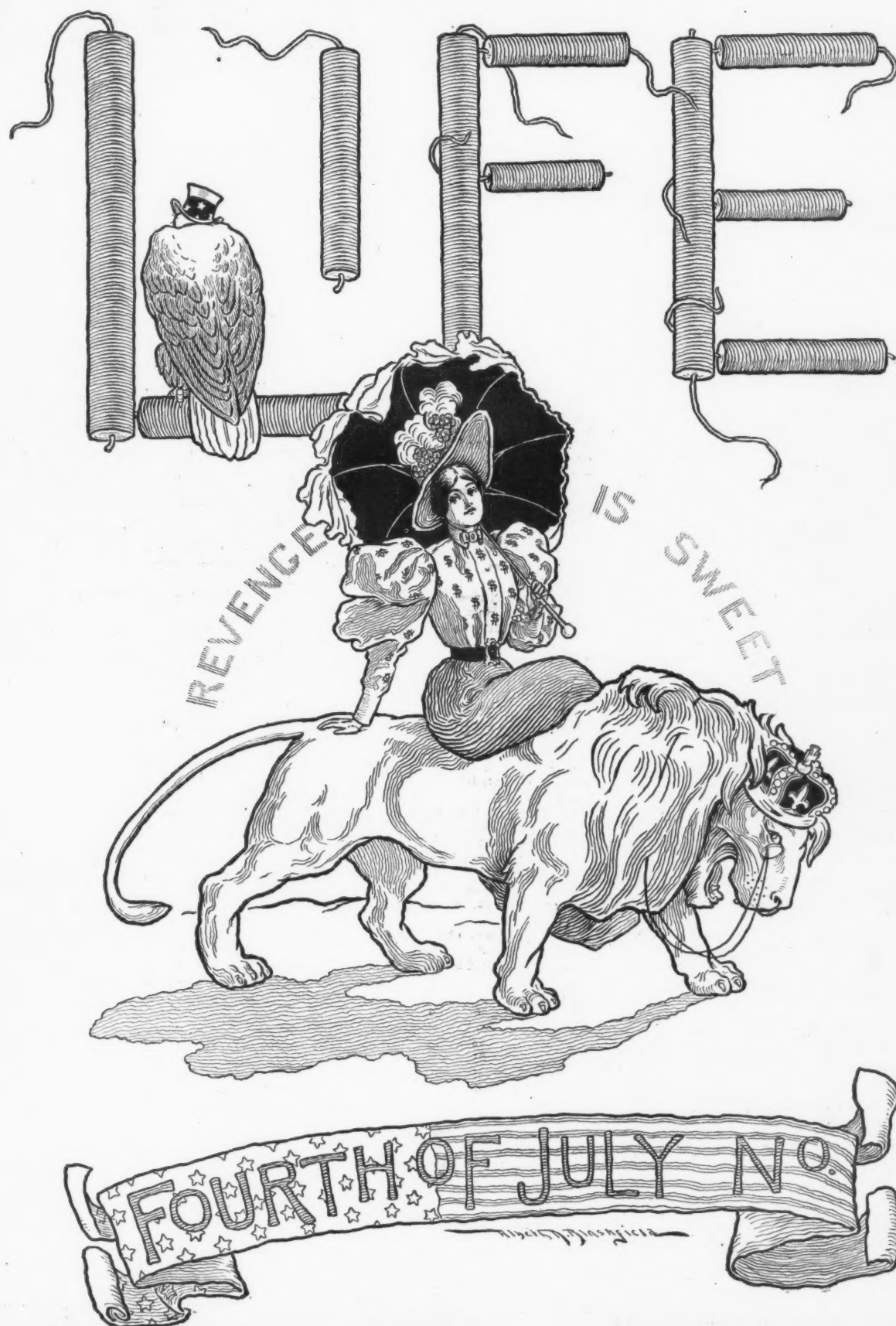


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### ANY ONE CAN DREAM SUCCESS

It's quite another thing to win it. When a business grows, as any one wide awake can see that this is growing, there's surely good reason for it. We know what those reasons are. So do thousands of careful buyers hereabout. We want them all to know.

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Made by people who know the needs of summer outers, and who are alive to every freak of fashion.

Percale 2 piece Suits, fitted waist and large full skirt, waists prettily trimmed with braid, sizes 32 to 38, at \$3.75, from \$6. Other styles up to \$5. All are this season's goods.

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Pretty, natty, summery shawls, light and airy, but just warm enough to be comforting to the

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You will find in stock Shirt Waists at 50c., 65c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$2. The \$2 waist is equal to what you'd pay \$2.50 almost anywhere else in town.

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Gas Stoves, 2 burner, nickel, 95c. Gas Ranges, \$7.50 to \$24.75. Delivered and connected free.

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VOLUME XXVI.

# LIFE.

NUMBER 653.



*She:* DOES INSPIRATION COME TO YOU AT ANY PARTICULAR TIME?

*Mr. Scribbler (who writes):* YES, IT USUALLY COMES WITH THE BILLS, ABOUT THE FIRST OF THE MONTH.

## HER CHANCE.

"THEY say Cholly has more money than brains."

"Then why don't you set your cap for him?"

"WHY did you ask the Boston girl to go with us?"

"It's such a hot day."

## WORTH IT.

BINGO (*sternly*): Bobbie, Mrs. Slimson next door says you tied a cannon cracker to her dog's tail this morning and he hasn't been seen since. Now, sir, I'd like to know what you gain by such conduct?

BOBBIE: I gained a dollar bill from her husband.

PROSPECTIVE BOARDER: Do you have good milk?  
SUMMER LANDLORD: Do we! Why this place is only forty minutes from the city.







"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVI.

JULY 4, 1895.

No. 653.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.*



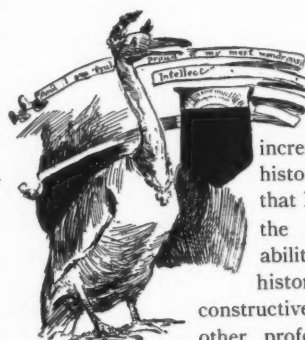
A CURRENT phenomenon that excites a good deal of interest is the zeal of Mr. Choate in his efforts to wring a comfortable sum of money out of the reluctant pockets of Mr. Russell Sage for the benefit of Mr. Laidlaw. Mr. Choate has worked like a hired man for Mr. Laidlaw, and folks wonder a good deal why he has done it. It is probable that if he finally induces Mr. Sage to pay up, his exertions will be remunerated to some extent in money. Still the suggestion that Mr. Choate is working for a fee and "gone into the business of persecution" for the dollars that may be in it, does not altogether accord with probability.

Mr. Choate is a man in whom various motives, even the very highest, would be credible. One could believe that he has some special personal reason for disliking Mr. Sage, and that he thoroughly enjoys the fun he has with him in the Laidlaw-Sage trials, and that he means to make an example of him. One could also believe that Sage's treatment of Laidlaw has stirred Mr. Choate's indignation, and that he undertook Laidlaw's case out of sympathy for a man whom he considered to have been abused and neglected. But one could not believe, at least LIFE cannot, that Mr. Choate has been skewering Mr. Sage merely for the sake of a share of the money that might be gathered up after the operation.



MR. CHOATE resembles the late Oliver Cromwell in not being much in favor with the Irish. The proposal that the English government should erect a statue of Cromwell in London has proved so obnoxious to the Irish Nationalists in parliament that it has proved the signal for the downfall of the Liberal government. Cromwell's statue will be set up, but it will be paid for by private subscriptions. And so it will probably be with Mr. Choate's statue, when that is erected in New York, but to get our aldermen or Mr. Platt's assemblymen to pay

for it is probably more than even Mr. Choate himself would care to undertake.



MR. INGALLS, formerly a Senator from Kansas, is quoted as describing Mr. Cleveland as "one of the most incredible incidents in the political history of the nation." He says that Mr. Cleveland has "reached the loftiest positions with less ability than any man whom history records," that he has "no constructive capacity," and that he has other profound disabilities that Mr.

Ingalls specified. These remarks are interesting. Indeed, Mr. Ingalls's remarks are almost always interesting, for he has a lively imagination and an exceptionally fluent and discriminating use of language.

It is probable that Mr. Cleveland is not so smart as Mr. Ingalls and does not know so much, but then it is proper to remember that Mr. Ingalls's most striking defect is that he is too smart, and the most impressive quality of his knowledge is his command of facts which are not so. An instance of this quality and of that defect appears when he says of Mr. Cleveland: "He went into office a pettifogging lawyer from Buffalo, and he has now one of the largest private fortunes in the country. Yet he has had no visible means of support since then but office-holding." His remark is not quoted for the sake of any information it gives about Mr. Cleveland, but for its value as an illustration of Mr. Ingalls. It is a short remark, yet there are three big fibs in it, each of them obviously and notoriously untrue. It is a great blessing to the country that Mr. Cleveland is not so smart as Mr. Ingalls and does not know so much that isn't so.



LORD ROSEBERY has not lasted very well as Premier. He was a sound man when he began and there was good work in him, but a couple of years or so of heavy responsibility has used him up. There must have been some defect about his methods of recuperation. Mr.

Gladstone read Homer and chopped down trees when he began to get tired, but Lord Rosebery's best known sport has been horse-racing, and that seems not to have stood him in very good stead. Perhaps the trouble was that he neglected to get from Mrs. Gladstone the recipe for the preparation of that famous yellow mixture which braced up the G. O. M. so often when he seemed about to cave in.





THAT GLORIOUS FOURTH!—NOT A CELEBRATION.

#### THE NINE INCORRUPTIBLES.

THE highly moral New York State Legislature of '95 having passed the "Nixon Resolution," to the effect that the question of Woman Suffrage go before the people for their decision, Mrs. Francis M. Scott, Mrs. George White Field, Mrs. David H. Greer, Miss Eleanor G. Hewitt, Miss Florence Lockwood, Mrs. Elihu Root, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Everett P. Wheeler and Mrs. George Waddington have been very much stirred up, and have formed an association opposed to the Extension of the Suffrage of Women. "It is desired," says this recalcitrant band of nine, "to form branches in all cities and towns throughout the



"BEGORRA, AN' I WONDER WHAT THE DIVIL THIS THING IS ANNYHOW? SOMETHIN' TO ATE, I SUPPOSE, FOR THERE'S A DIVIL AV A RAT HAS GOT INSIDE AV IT AN' HAS LIFT HIS TAIL A SHTICKIN' OUT. I'LL GIVE IT A WAR-R-RMING IT'LL REMEMBER!"

State, and ladies who desire to enter their protest against Woman Suffrage are earnestly requested to send their names to the Secretary of the Central Association, Mrs. George Phillips, 169 East 60th St., New York City.

This seems a worthy cause, and LIFE loves a fair fight.

Ladies, if you feel that your mission in life lies within the broad scope of your own household, now is the time to step up and record your convictions.



EFFECT ON LODGER ABOVE, WHO BY THE STRANGEST COINCIDENCE WAS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS NEXT SUNDAY'S SERMON ON "HOW GREAT A MATTER A LITTLE FIRE KINDLETH."—From James III., 5.

#### WHAT HE WAS AFTER.

CLERK: That gentleman you sold a bottle of hair dye to three weeks ago was here again to-day.

DRUGGIST: Was he after another bottle?

"No, sir; he wanted to know if we kept wigs."

THE HUSBAND (seeing his wife off): You must promise not to ask for money every time you write.

THE WIFE: But that would necessitate my writing so much oftener.



BEFORE.

## OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Every three dollars sends a child to  
Life's Farm for a two week's outing.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$576 23
Josephine Coster.....	15 00
Mrs. Ellis.....	1 00
M. P.....	10 00
"Right of Way" Pedro.....	5 00



AFTER.

C. B.....	1 00
E. B.....	2 00
Frederick M. Smith.....	2 00
Jno. H. Matthews.....	50 00
Edw. L. Coster.....	30 00
Corralled by Mr. John Hyslop on board the yacht "Oriva".....	9 00
E. W. G., Worcester, Mass.	6 00
Fisherman's Luck.....	5 00
	\$712 23

### HER \$ SHOES.

SHE bought them in the  
town one day.

My lady fair, my lady gay,

Those dollar shoes;

She showed them to us all with  
pride,

The stuff was coarse, the last  
too wide,

The place uneven where they  
tied,

Those dollar shoes.

But when she put them on her  
feet

They looked so trim and fine  
and neat,

Those dollar shoes,  
That Cinderella, coquette fair,  
Might have been glad to change  
her pair

Of glass ones for a chance to  
wear

Those dollar shoes.

So with all things my queen  
doth touch,

They gain in grace and beauty  
much,

And coarseness lose;

That we who know her as  
earth's leaven

Are willing, though with steps  
uneven,

To follow up the path to Heaven  
Those dollar shoes.



### IN STRICT CON- FIDENCE.

"MARY, YER WON'T  
SAY NOTHIN' IF I TELL  
YER SOMETHIN'?"

"No."

"WELL, THEN, WHEN  
JIMMY KISSED HER IT  
SOUNDED ZACKLY LIKE  
ONE O' THEM SKYROCK-  
ETS WHEN IT BUSTS!"

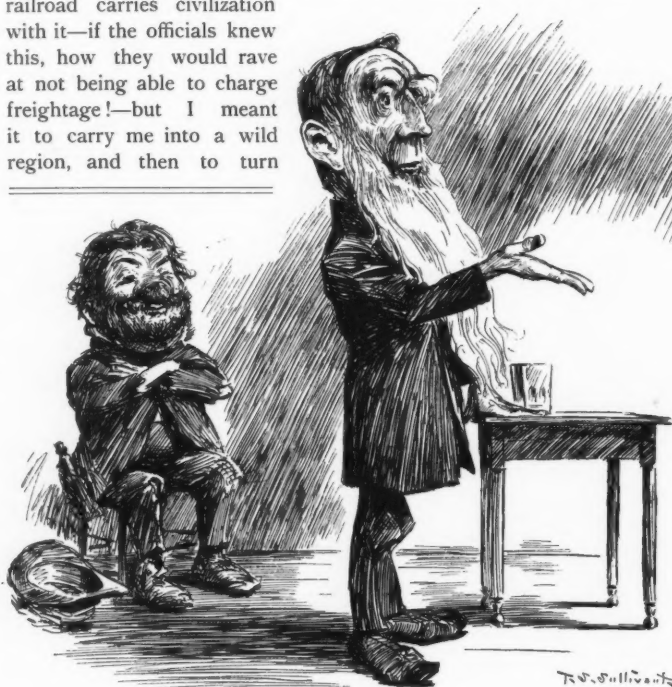
YOUNG WIDOW: I've  
been thinking of poor  
Jack so much lately.

"We've had such warm  
weather."

### MY VACATION.

WITH what joy I learned that the next two weeks belonged to me I leave to the sympathy of those fellow-laborers who are also tied to a desk fifty weeks out of the year to apprehend. I determined to go in search of adventures. No ordinary resorts, mountain or seaside, would do. No, the strange and unusual must be found. Queer people should entertain me, odd customs add zest to my life. Routine had so long enchained me, that perfect freedom must be mine. I would go out when I chose, come in when I chose; think as I pleased, speak as I pleased. Unrestrained, uncontrolled Liberty! That is what I sought.

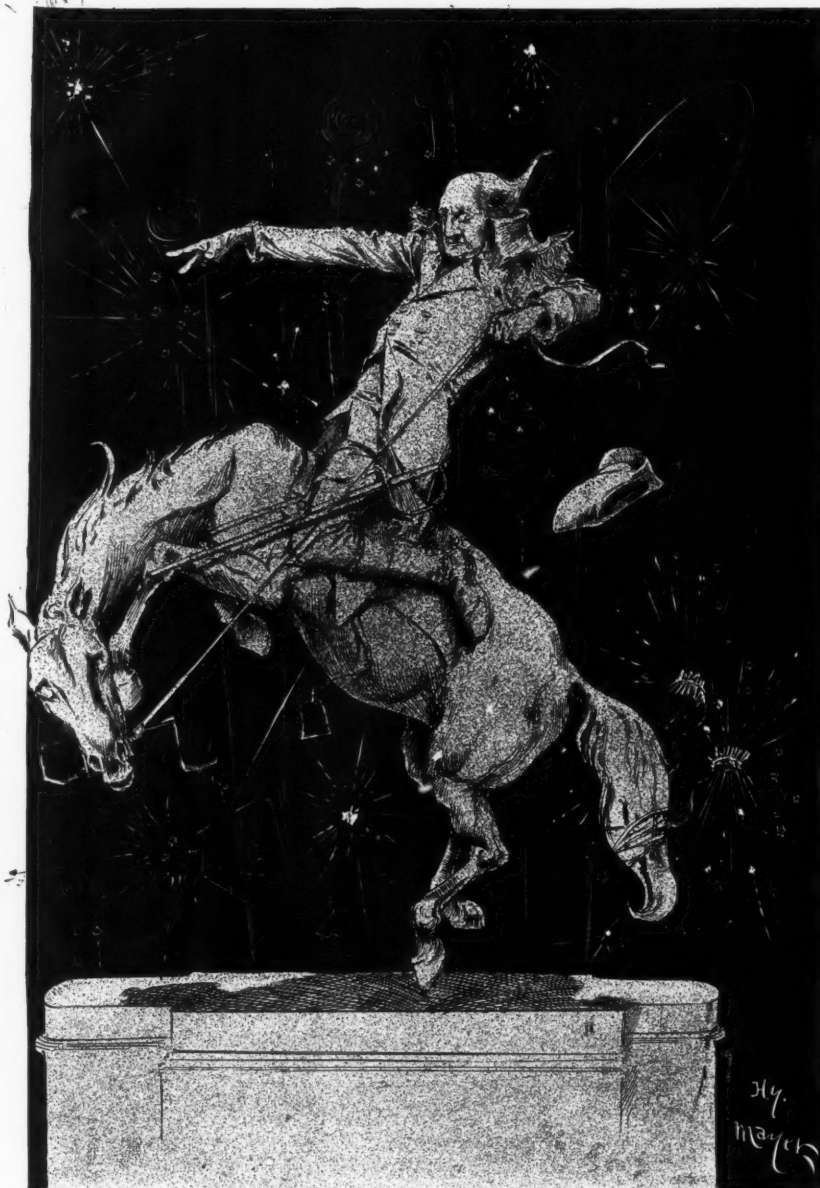
The first step was to procure a complete railroad guide. Then I sat down to study it. Not that my intention was to remain near a railroad. No, indeed, the railroad carries civilization with it—if the officials knew this, how they would rave at not being able to charge freightage!—but I meant it to carry me into a wild region, and then to turn



The Speaker: AND NOW LOOK AT THE HORRIBLE EXAMPLE UPON THE PLATFORM.

A Voice: WHICH ONE IS THE EXAMPLE?

my back contemptuously upon it, and plunge deeper and deeper into the wilderness until I reached the spot I sought, where even conventions were unknown. I studied the guide. I sat up late at night with the guide open before me. I rose early in the morning and leafed it over. Day and night, night and day I pored over it. Different friends interrupted me. One wanted me to go to the seashore with him, another pressed me to accompany him to the mountains, others knew the most charming spots to visit in the country, still others begged me to go with them on short excursions, to pic-nics, to the summer gardens, but to all I turned a deaf ear. My great plan was not to be frustrated thus.



ON JULY FOURTH.

*The Father of his Country:* WHAT IN THE D—L IS ALL THIS CHINESE BUSINESS?

I made a list of the names of the places that sounded propitious. Tunkhannock attracted me, Wapwallopen charmed me, Mockanockwah fascinated me. Manunka Chunk, Nay-Aug, Onativia, Succasunna, Sanquoit, Nesquehoning, Hockendauqua, Quakake, Starrucca, Canisteo, Conemaugh, Daguscahonda, Sinnemahoning. With what delight I contemplated the list! with what eagerness I prepared to start! until I found out that they are all populous. Not to be balked, I pursued my task with increased ardor. I neither ate nor slept. Other lists I made, and other disappoint-

ments I felt. But I never wavered. I never doubted.

At last, worn out, I slept. When I awoke the unwonted silence in the city amazed me. Hurriedly I sought my landlady, and demanded the cause. It was Sunday. And the date? I screamed aloud, my vacation was over! Beguiled by the Demon of the guide I had spent it in my room. *Alex. R.*

THEIR TURN.

**A** MARYELIS, Chloris, Phyllis,  
Inspirations of the poet,  
Tell us now of your affections,  
Adoration, as *you* know it.

Write for us a clever sonnet.

Tender love song, dainty lyric,  
On the virtues of your lovers:  
*You* compose a panegyric.

In this time of Woman's Congress,  
Bloomers, wheels and other crazes,  
You've no need to wait till leap year  
To resound your lovers' praises.

Do not hide your admiration,  
But in graceful verses show it,  
And we'll read with eager pleasure.  
"Lines (by Chloris) to a Poet."

*K. H. A.*

NOT FROM HIS STANDPOINT.

**P**OPULIST: How much did you say you owed, \$1,000? Now, my friend, with free silver, it will cost you only \$500 to pay that off.

FARMER: Umph! I'm afraid that wouldn't do me any good.

POPULIST: But why not?

FARMER: I want to borrow \$1,000 more.

**C**OHEN: Ikey, I t'ink it would be a good plan if you could choin dot Salvation Army.

YOUNG COHEN: Vot for should I choin dot Salvation Army?

COHEN: Vell, if you could vork yourself up in der organization, ve might get der gontract for der uniforms.

"**N**O, Victor," said Atalanta, pensively; "how can I be yours when our cycle club, 'The Bloomers,' has just taken for its motto, 'Divided we stand, united we fall?'"





WILLIE GLADSTONE.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE TAKEN IN 1812.

## THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS. XIV.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

THIS prominent book reviewer and statesman was born in Liverpool, and at the early age of three he invented a system of exercise which he discovered while reading a life of Washington; and since then has become celebrated as a tree chopper of no mean ability. With a deft movement, only acquired by long practice, he would quickly nail a copy of his favorite author on the bark of the tree, and read until the tree was hewn down by his own willing hands, thus acquiring an extensive education while keeping up his muscle. By reading most of the standard authors he gradually achieved a style which finally gained him admittance to the magazines, and having worked himself into several positions under the government, he made enough to keep the wolf from the door.

In the progress of the world Mr. Gladstone has played no mean part, as it was through him that the patent interviewers' scaling apparatus was invented by an American newspaper man, thus rendering escape an impossibility, and enabling American journalism to take another wonderful stride.

## WHERE REFORM WAS NEEDED.

SHE: I married you to reform you.

GOTROX: But I'm not a drinking man.

"Oh, I know that; but I was told you were very saving of your money."

## AN INDEFINITE PHRASE.

"I AM in receipt of a princely income," said the suitor for Miss Coolcash's hand.

"Better state figures, young man," replied Mr. Coolcash; "the last prince who proposed for Miranda had to borrow his steamship fare home when she refused him."



## THE RECENT STORIES OF HENRY JAMES.

IT is difficult to see how anyone who is sensitive to the beauties of style can read Henry James without admiration—no matter how foreign to one's sympathies his stories may chance to be. Through page after page there gleams the charm of distinction, grace, and intelligent choice. While other writers may stoop, in occasional paragraphs, to some of the more specious devices of modern journalism, James continues on his own chosen way, with dignity and



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

TAKEN AT ETON IN 1820.



THE GRAND OLD MAN.

TAKEN IN 1894, WHEN EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

serenity—a master in the use of words to express shades of meaning clearly that even skilful writers are content to leave for the intuition of intelligent readers.

But perhaps some of the most judicious of Mr. James's admirers have insisted so strenuously on this quality of style as his supreme possession, that they, with many who are less discerning, have missed the depth and pathos of the substance of his recent work. When you have read his latest volume, "Terminations" (Harpers), you will be convinced that his crystal and distinguished style is merely the goblet that holds a precious wine that will warm your

heart. In stories like the last two in this volume—"The Middle Years" and "The Altar of the Dead"—he sweeps entirely away from the accidents of life that form so much of the material for contemporary fiction, and lays bare with astounding directness the necessary pathos of life when it has passed the meridian.

\* \* \*

IT is comparatively easy to make literary capital out of the emotional ecstasies and disappointments of young people. The author knows that he needs only strike the key, and the reader will furnish the accompaniment from his own heart.

But to write with skill of that part of life which young people don't know or care for, and older people want to ignore, is a far harder task. Old or young we do not want to be told that "A second chance—that's the delusion. There never was to be but one. We work in the dark—we do what we can—we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion, and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art."

For subtlety, poetical expression, delicate fancy and inherent pathos, one may venture the opinion that Mr. James has never excelled "The Altar of the Dead." There is in it a note of such deep affection and fidelity to personal friendships that it ought to sweep away the persistent charge of coldness and cynicism that is made against Mr. James's stories. And yet one realizes from these stories why that accusation has been so often made. The author's ideal of fidelity in the affections is so high that his stories are filled with abundant scorn for the prevalent shortcomings that the world exhibits and accepts.

And yet the hungry human heart will cry out when reading these stories (as it does so often in real life), "Why deprive these people of all outlet for sympathy and affection because the ideal one is denied them?" *Droch.*

#### OVERPLAYED HIMSELF.

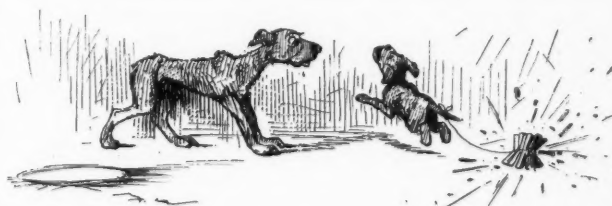
FOR the fourth time in one evening, the third assistant guard of the harem had beaten his royal master at chess.

"I envy you your skill," said the potentate.

"I flatter myself there are no flies on me," replied the underling.

"Yes. I envy you. I really wish I had your head."

And the thing was done.



ALWAYS TAKE MOTHER'S ADVICE.

"I TOLD YER TO STAY INDOORS TO-DAY."







UNKNOWN DOMESTICS OF WELL KNOWN MEN.  
No. III.

THE VALET OF IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

**R**UDE persons might call Gustave Levy a mongrel—especially if they did not know him to be the valet of Ignace Jan Paderewski.

In spite of the respect which one is bound to feel for the unknown valet of a well-known man, I am bound to say that his nationality seems to me a trifle mixed. He was born—with unconventional and irrelevant abruptness—on a channel steamer under the French flag, of parents respectively Swedish and Dutch. The respect with which he speaks of them seems to argue that they have been dead a long time.

His conversation is extremely diverting to the intelligent translator—being a mixture of Trilby French and polyglot—spoken with what the spiteful Briton calls an "American accent." With regard to M. Levy this means that he recognizes in his nose an organ not merely to be wasted on smelling purposes. The size of the organ justifies M. Levy in giving it an extra use.

He spent a good deal of his youth in a hair-dressing saloon in Paris, where special attention was given to the hair of pianists.

It was here that his present master, recognizing talent, engaged him, buying up all his hair invigorator and imposing upon him one condition, viz., the suppression of that charm-

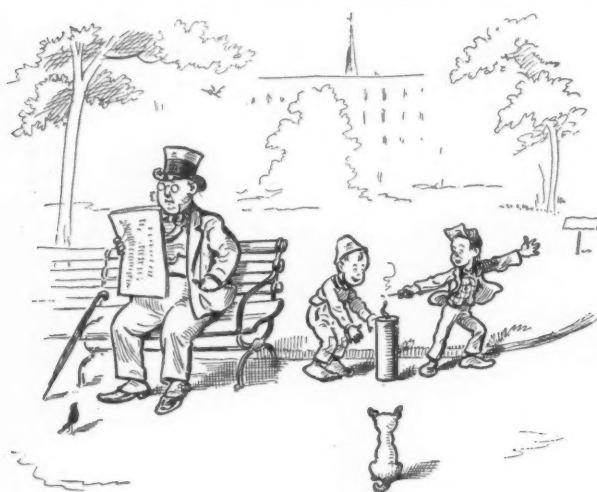


"SIR, I HOPE YOU REMEMBER THIS IS THE LORD'S DAY. ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?"

"A—AH—A—CHRISTIAN? OH, YES, OF COURSE, ON SUNDAYS. OTHER DAYS I AM A PRESBYTERIAN."

ing little book published about two years ago, entitled "The Growth and Disarrangement of the Hair."

But Paderewski, with the free masonry of all great minds, recognizes that the true spark of literary genius must burn somewhere when once lighted, and allows his talented valet



"ALL RIGHT, JIM, LET HIM HAVE IT."



"DID ANYONE SPEAK?"



NO TRIFLERS WANTED.

*She:* I DON'T MIND WALKING WITH YOU, BUT FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T SAY YOU LOVE ME AND ASK ME TO WAIT FOR YOU—THEY ALL DO THAT. IF THERE'S ANY WAITING TO BE DONE WAIT YOURSELF UNTIL YOU'RE A MAN, AND THEN COME RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS.

to supply answers to correspondents in the toilet column of *The Young Ladies' Philadelphia Home Journal* under the pseudonym of Maggie Macassor Oil.

M. Levy is an intelligent young man, who makes every use of the opportunities afforded him. He has visited Hoboken, Brooklyn, Jersey Heights, the Statue of Liberty, Coney Island, and even been on a Fall River boat and a Pullman dining car. He will publish his "Impressions of America" as soon as David Christie Murray gets through his, and will get the start of Cissy Fitzgerald if he can.

It is not yet known if he will lecture. There is a good opening for him, as since Sandow stopped allowing himself to be felt and handled there has been a distinct lack of some refined entertainment.

Jessie M. Wood.

THAT DEAR TYPEWRITER HAS GONE AWAY.

**G**IRLS they must marry, I s'pose, but us boys we all wished Mary wouldn't.

'Course, at six dollars a week, wan't none of us as could hope Ever to marry her so as to get her to stay—naw! we couldn't.

Why, she made twenty, herself—marry us? Nope!

Call her Mary? I guess not! There wasn't nobody dazzent.

Just to ourselves we said Mary; I did, I mean, in me mind.

Name seemed to fit her, sort of; little and sweet; but she hasn't

Give no permish—she wasn't that kind.

Lord! What a dif it made in the shop when the boss he hired her.

Catch me missin' a day and her sittin' 'round the place!

Called me "Tom" all right, and I bet she knew we admired her—

Nice low voice she's got and a baby face.

'Taint no use my thinkin' how pretty her lips when she smiled was—

Droop at one end of her mouth and white little teeth like rice—

Them lips ain't for me; no such luck; all my chances they sp'iled was

When I was born so dumb stupid and her so nice.

Said good-bye to me, and she seemed kind of sorry to leave us.

Don't know where she is now, East or West; she is happy, I hope.

Bet you I know who *is* happy; he'd oughter be, just you believe us.

Well—we couldn't expect *her* to marry us. Nope!

The Office Boy.



A MISTAKE.

*Sing Lee:* AH, CHINAMAN, ME PLAYEE JOKE AN' TIE FIRECLACKERS TO HIS CUE.



**M**R. OLDBOY: Say that you will be mine!

*SHE:* I cannot marry you, but I tell you what I will do, I'll let you be a father to me.







"THE LADIES' IDOL."

*From The Sketch.*

# JAPAN.



JAPAN is to-day the most interesting country in the world to the tourist. Those who annually make pilgrimages to the Old World, with its London and Paris, will in Japan find an older world with a still older civilization. Before there was a London or Paris, history was being made in Japan. When Cæsar invaded Britain, finding a savage people with no other art than war, and what is now London was only a thick wood with a ditch and rampart, yet the present dynasty of Japan was then centuries old. During all these long centuries the Japanese have been slowly working out their own destiny, but the last fifty years have seen marvelous changes, and with great strides the people are now taking their place beside the most progressive nations of the world. Western ideas and customs and dress are being so rapidly assimilated that much which is now quaint and curious will soon disappear. The tourist who visits Japan a few years hence, will find it altogether different from that of to-day. The success of the Japanese in the recent war with the Chinese, has demonstrated the superiority of Western civilization, and everything Western is now, one might say, the "fad" in Japan.

To those intending to visit Japan, there is one advantage in sailing from San Francisco, as an opportunity is given to visit the Hawaiian Islands out of the beautiful Golden Gate Harbor



CHINESE PAGODA, WHAMPOA.

As the steamer sails slowly from view, one gazes on the stretch of water, behind which the sun is slowly dropping, with a strange sensation. It is like that of leaving a world which, with all its familiarity, is yet mysterious, and going to one entirely unknown, almost like journeying to another planet.

On landing at Yokohama the stranger realizes that he is indeed in a new world. His introduction to all that is quaint and wonderful is so abrupt that he is unprepared for the strange sights that everywhere abound.

Autumn is probably the best season to visit Japan, when the woods are aflame with the scarlet of the maple and the splendor of the chrysanthemum.



GRAND HOTEL, YOKOHAMA.

As the steamer sails slowly from view, one gazes on the stretch of water, behind which the sun is slowly dropping, with a strange sensation. It is like that of leaving a world which, with all its familiarity, is yet mysterious, and going to one entirely

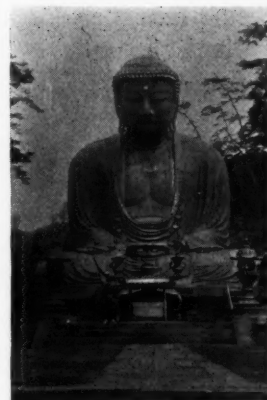
The chance visitor, and especially "around-the-world tourists" as a class, devote too little attention to Japan. Two or three weeks are generally taken for the stated tour, with a few side trips, and thus too little time is available for the chief cities; the result is that many important places remain unvisited and interesting objects unseen.

One of the novel experiences of the traveler in Japan is the mode of getting about within the cities, and also in the country. Horses are used to a very small extent, and in place of the vehicles of transit used in other countries, are the light and elegant little carriages, drawn by men, called jinrikishas or kurumas.

The firm of Raymond & Whitcomb are arranging a tour, which will include the most interesting parts of Hawaiian Islands, Japan and portions of China and many places not accessible to the ordinary traveler. It has been the aim of this firm from the first to conduct their tours in such a manner that there will be nothing most fastidious, and the large number of people who have made tours under their auspices, is evidence that they have succeeded in providing a method of travel for those who wish to do so without ostentation, at the same time being free from all annoyances, which are constantly occurring to mar the pleasure of such a trip under ordinary conditions.

They have almost entirely eliminated these objectionable features, this giving the entire time for sight seeing and pleasure. Another consideration worthy of mention in addition to the high character of their tours is the select patronage which has come to them as the result of their superior arrangements.

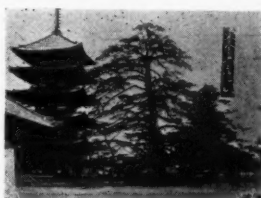
Descriptive book can be had of Raymond & Whitcomb, 31 East Fourteenth Street, corner Union Square, West, New York.—*Advt.*



DAI BUTSU, KAMAKURA.



FUJIYA HOTEL AT MIYASHITA.



PAGODA AND ANCIENT PINE TREE AT NARA.





AMERICAN naval officers now in Washington who were recently in China tell of a day they spent ashore looking for sport. For a few yen, amounting to about four cents, they secured the services of two Chinese to fight for their entertainment. The fight went on bravely, and as fights go in China, not being up to the American hippodrome style, one of the Chinese was whipped. But he was angry. As he moved away from the scene of combat he found a stone, and, turning upon his late antagonist, struck him a blow that killed him. The murderer was speedily beheaded, but the authorities decided that it was no concern of the American officers if a murder resulted from their plan of amusement. One of the younger officers remarked: "We not only got a fight, but a killing and an execution, all for four cents. You couldn't beat those rates."—*Argonaut*.

ONE story is repeated of the late Mrs. Paran Stevens which may be placed here to her credit, although it is not long since it was told in print. An opulent woman, who had got into society, as it were, by climbing over the fence, when the policeman's back was turned, once asked Mrs. Stevens in a supercilious way about a young lady she was introducing. "Who is your friend, Miss —?" she said.

"Miss — is a charming girl," replied Mrs. Stevens; "well bred, as you see, accomplished, entertaining."

"Yes, I know," persisted the snob, "but dear Mrs. Stevens, of course you know what I mean—who is she?"

"My dear woman," retorted Mrs. Stevens, "I can no

more tell you who Miss — is than I could have told those who asked me who you were when you first came to Newport."—*Worcester Gazette*.

JUST as the surly man had for the twentieth time repulsed the life insurance agent a brick scow collided with the ferryboat, and the passengers were thrown into the water.

"Can you swim?" asked the agent, maintaining a finger in his victim's buttonhole.

"N-no," spluttered the surly man, wildly beating the water. "Oh, save me!"

"Promise to try one of our 15 year non-slippable tontine policies," demanded the agent.

"I—I promise" gurgled the surly man as he was sinking for the last time.

And inside of two minutes the agent had him on the wharf and was filling out an application.—*New York Recorder*.

MRS. MCBRIDE (entering the kitchen): Bridget, didn't I see that policeman kiss you?

BRIDGET: Well, mum, sure an' yez wouldn't hev me lay meself opin to arrist for resisting an officer, mum.—*Harper's Bazar*.

PATERFAMILIAS: What on earth makes that young man stay so long? Doesn't he know how to say good-night?

EDYTH: Of course he does. That's what makes him stay so long.—*Puck*.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS

**OUR SQUARE AND CIRCLE.** By Jack Easel. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

**Mavreen's Fairing.** By Jane Barlow. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

**The Naulakha.** By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

**The Master Knot and Another Story.** By Conover Duff. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

**Water Tramps.** By George Herbert Bartlett. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

**Doctor Isard.** By Anna Katherine Green. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

**The Golden Age.** By Kenneth Grahame. Chicago: Stone and Kimball.

**An Errant Wooing.** By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Company.

**Sonya Kovalesky.** From the Russian, by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: The Century Company.

**Base "Coin" Exposed.** Chicago: E. A. Weeks and Company.

**The Martyred Fool.** By David Christie Murray. New York: Harper and Brothers.

**My Literary Passions.** By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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**The Untempered Wind.** By Joanna E. Wood. New York: J. Selwin Tait and Sons.

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"No," said the Englishman, "what was it?"

CLUBMAN: Colonel, I understand you are acquainted with warfare in all its forms?

COLONEL: No, no. Not in all forms. I'm a bachelor.—*Spare Moments.*

AN Indian named "Man-Afraid-of-Nothing" married a white woman in Montana recently, and in one week after his wedding he applied to his tribe to have his name changed.—*San Francisco Post.*

Health and Comeliness are a result of cleanliness—all three are obtained by the use of **S-a-n-a-d-o-r Skin Soap.**

TEACHER: Tommy, can you give me a sentence in which "but" is a conjunction?

TOMMY: See the goat butt the boy. "Butt" is a conjunction, and connects the boy with the goat.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

JUDGE: I am surprised that a youth of your age, who has been carefully reared by God-fearing parents, could have become such a hardened criminal. Where did you learn to steal?

PRISONER: In Sunday school, sir.

JUDGE: In Sunday school? What do you mean?

PRISONER: The superintendent, sir, turned out to be a forger. I had always been taught to look up to him as a good man and to follow his example.—*Buffalo Express.*

Try **S-a-n-a-d-o-r Skin Soap**, and you will be surprised at its effects upon your hands.

A WOMAN residing in a flat ordered a piece of ice from the grocery. The youth who brought it was a German. He put it on the dumb waiter in the basement to be hoisted up. She pulled away.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "How heavy this ice is! The grocer must have given me good weight."

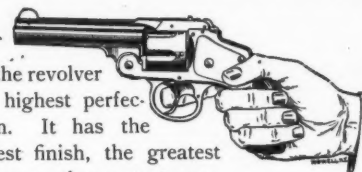
By great exertion she succeeded in getting the dumb waiter up. To her astonishment she found the boy seated on the ice. With what breath she had left she demanded:

"What did you make me pull you up here for?"

"Why," replied the boy, "I thought the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so came up to help you off with it."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

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